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A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, DORCHESTER, MS.,

MONDAY, DEC. 27, 1847,

AT THE

7541.351

FUNERAL OF REV. JOHN CODMAN, D. D.,

Llate Pastor of said Church.

BY RICHARD S. STORRS, D. D.,
Pastor of the First Church, Braintree, Ms

SECOND EDITION.

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To the Rev. Dr. STORRS, Pastor of the First Church in Braintree.

DEAR SIR,—In compliance with a vote of the Committee of Arrangements in the Second Parish in Dorchester, we the undersigned would most respectfully solicit for the press a copy of the Sermon preached on the occasion of the funeral of our late pastor, the Rev. Dr. CODMAN.

Yours, with much respect,

EDWARD SHARP,
JOSEPH CLAP,
MARSHALL P. WILDER,
CHARLES HOWE,
JOSEPH CLAP, JR.,
} COMMITTEE.

DORCHESTER, DEC. 31, 1847.

TO EDWARD SHARP, JOSEPH CLAP, MARSHALL P. WILDER, CHARLES HOWE, and JOSEPH CLAP, JR., Committee.

GENTLEMEN,—The Sermon, of which you request a copy, though prepared in great haste, of necessity, is yet cheerfully committed to your disposal, with all its imperfections, as a just, though very feeble tribute to the memory of a Brother most dear, and a Servant of Christ eminently distinguished in all his relations.

Yours, with great respect,

R. S. STORRS.

BRAINTREE, JAN. 3, 1848.

DISCOURSE.

HEBREWS xi. 16.

BUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS, AN HEAVENLY; WHEREFORE GOD IS NOT ASHAMED TO BE CALLED THEIR GOD, FOR HE HATH PREPARED FOR THEM A CITY.

THE Christian here below, is encompassed with a great cloud of witnesses to the preciousness of his faith, and to the strength of God's promises.

Abel, being dead, yet speaketh. Enoch is translated, that he may not see death. Noah safely outrides the storm which whelms a world in ruin. Abraham becomes the father of many nations, and the heir of a city whose builder and maker is God. Thence, downward to Messiah's days, an unbroken succession of holy men trust in God, and are delivered from evil. Since then, a multitude that no man can number, have counted their lives not dear to them, that they might win Christ, and be found in him. And with united voice have they proclaimed the faithfulness of God, and the boundlessness of his compassion; and, in their admiration of his love, in their devotedness to his service, and

in their confidence of the ultimate triumphs of his government, they are all one.

And this cloud of witnesses is daily enlarging. Every year it becomes a more glorious object of contemplation; and as it advances to cover the whole face of the heavens, the voice of its testimony to the preciousness of faith and the strength of divine promise, waxes louder and louder. Well may it inspire more than human courage in the bosoms of the timid; invincible fortitude and heroic resolution in the bosoms of the feeble and desponding.

However we may estimate the privilege of living in millennial days, it is a privilege not necessary to the vigorous growth of the principle of faith, which enters so essentially into Christian character. The ancient patriarchs died in faith, not having received the promises. They had seen them afar off, embraced them, and confessed that they were pilgrims and strangers on the earth. We have in part received them. The Messiah has appeared. His earthly kingdom is established. Nations are joining themselves to it. True it is, Satan is not yet bound; righteousness has not an universal reign, nor are the sons of God unmolested by the machinations of the children of men; there are fears within and fightings without, not to be shunned by the most holy and devout. Still, the Christian, planted on the Rock of Ages, may sing, "Jehovah Jireh"! The billows of human and infernal wrath may swell, and roll onward, and dash upon the shore at his feet, but they harm him not. "The Lord will provide." "The everlasting arms surround him."

The solemn and affecting occasion that convenes us to-day, cannot, perhaps, be better improved than in the contemplation of a single distinguishing characteristic of the Christian; of God's amazing condescension; and of the glorious prospects that open on the eye of faith, in the future world.

We are to contemplate

I. A distinguishing characteristic of the Christian. "He desires a better country, that is, an heavenly."

Man has no other instinct so strong as the love of life. In all his generations he dreads death. It is "the king of terrors," whose grasp all nature abhors. Not the Christian, even, can muse on "the pains, and groans, and dying strife," without appalling emotions. And when to the terrors of death itself, he adds the account of its tremendous consequences, as they rise up before the eye of faith; the dangers of self-deception, the unfruitfulness of his life, the multitude of his offences, and his present unfitness for the society of the just made perfect, it is no wonder that he recoils from an embrace which terminates his probationary privileges, and fixes his endless destiny. And when the Apostle affirms that he desires a better country, even an heavenly, he does not affirm that he has no tremblings in prospect of the grave, or no questionings as to the purity of his affections, and his acceptance with God; but only that he does not regard the world as his home, nor cleave to it as his supreme good.

That such is the experience of every Christian, is evident from the fact, that the world has no intrinsic worth. Its whole value is relative. As it stands

connected with another and eternal world, it is priceless; but as an independent good, valueless. Though a man possess the whole of it, it will profit him in no sense but a moment, unless he use it to secure friends, who will receive him into everlasting habitations. In the relation it bears to the developments of the immortal mind, to the purification of the heart, to the enlargement of Christ's spiritual kingdom, and the salvation of undying men, it has a higher value than tongue can tell; but as the portion of the soul, or as a reliable source of enjoyment, even for the present life, it is empty as the whistling wind, or else tormenting as the bed of thorns.

The same is evident from the admitted fact, that the world is full of disappointments. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Thus the Spirit of God affirms, and dear-bought experience proves. It invites confidence, and then betrays the credulous victim of its smiles into shame and sorrow. It pours forth abundant promises on the ear, but never fulfils them to the heart. It presents a thousand allurements, but under each conceals a snare. It opens on the eye a smooth expanse and boundless fields of delight, but pit-falls are every where, and beasts of prey start up from every nook and corner. Who has contentment? Not the rich man, nor the honorable; not the luxurious, nor the proud. Who has pleasure? Not the envious nor the fearful, not the oppressor nor the avenger. Where is the delight unconnected with regret, or the sensual gratification unmingled with the wormwood and the gall? Where is the friendship so pure that no feculence pollutes

it, or the love so ardent that no jealousies reach it? Where is the domestic circle that sickness does not invade, or the couch of ease on which death does not lay himself down? Where is the husband or the wife, the parent or the child, the brother or the sister, the friend or the neighbor, secure from the insidious and resistless attack of the great destroyer, upon the persons of others as well as his own? Such, in truth, is this world, that he who has the sweetest joys, has also the deepest sorrows; and he who most abounds in earthly good, shares proportionably in earth's intensest sufferings.

The same is further evident from the fact, that the world is polluted. It lieth in wickedness. That law of God, so holy, just, and good, that all heaven loves it, is man's abhorrence. The authority that stretches over angel and man alike, is despised and rejected. The name of Christ is blasphemed; the love of Calvary is set at nought; the pleadings of the Spirit and the Bride are scorned; and the living exemplifications of piety are derided. And beside this, how universal is the indulgence of unhallowed passions, the license of sensual appetite, and the empire of corrupt and fatal principles! Where prevails not selfishness over love! In what period of man's history, and in what land under heaven, has not lust given birth to wars and fightings, and poured forth blood as water! Mark the violence and intrigue, the hypocrisy and fraud, that have ever characterized the intercourse of nations, and of smaller communities, down to the village hamlet; and is it strange that the Christian desires a better country? But this is not all.

The spirit that sways the world at large is not wholly extirpated from his own bosom. The law in his members wars against the law of his mind, and constrains the oft-repeated exclamation, "O, wretched man that I am." Perfect holiness belongs to no living man. "If any man say that he hath no sin, he deceiveth himself; the truth is not in him." But at perfection the Christian aims. He longs for the hour when the last sinful emotion shall have passed away. That hour meets him not this side the grave. But, striving here to make his calling and election sure, by persevering contention with flesh and blood, and stern opposition to principalities and powers, he has the assurance of victory hereafter; and under the melting influences of such assurance, he cries, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest." "I desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to abide in the flesh"!

The same is still further evident from the fact, that the world to come is a distinct object of faith, and lies with some degree of clearness before the eye of the spiritual mind, as it enters with fullness into the interior home of the purified affections.

O, what a world is that, where no clouds arise, nor lightnings play, nor storms descend, nor terrors burst upon the soul! whose moral sublimity and grandeur not all the glories of nature and of art, collected from every sun and moon and heavenly orb that God has made, can adequately illustrate! There, God himself unveils the whole splendor of his character, in the face of Jesus Christ; unfolds

the deep mysteries of his providence, spreading over all generations of men, and discloses the wonders of redeeming love, lying beyond the penetration of unassisted angelic powers! There, the blest myriads about the throne, in joyous ecstacies, ever swell the anthem of praise; cherishing all that is pure in affection, sacred in the intercourse of congenial minds, and elevated and holy in celestial occupation! Not a tear moistens the eye, nor a discordant sound falls on the ear, nor a doubt disturbs the serenity of the mind, nor an impure desire calls up self-reproach, nor a thought is conceived, or an emotion felt, that brings not the spirit into sweeter communion with the Holy One!

O, what a world is that, opening on the Christian's eye! Must he not, does he not desire to enter it?

We are to look,

II. At God's amazing condescension. "He is not ashamed to be called their God."

Often is weak man ashamed of his fellow man; not only for his vices or his crimes, but for his low birth, his wretched poverty, his mean appearance, or imagined deficiency of intellectual strength,—for all of which he may perhaps be as blameless as the unborn child. And certain it is, that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free, the Jew and the Gentile, have a common origin, a common nature, and a common destiny to corruption and worms. They are brethren, descended from the same parents, and having the same entailed inheritance of mingled joy and suffering; nor are the

wide lines of separation existing between them, and created by pride and enmity, defensible before God. Yet, man is oft ashamed of his fellow man!

But God—with all his purity and elevation, with his unsearchable wisdom and uncontrolled sovereignty—is ashamed of none who seek the "better country." Though they are creatures of a day, and crushed before the moth, poor in knowledge and of stinted intellectual growth, he glories in them, and calls them "sons and daughters." And more than this, he imparts to them treasures, that eternity cannot exhaust, honors that bloom in everlasting beauty—he makes Himself their portion forever.

All his perfections are theirs. If they are feeble, his power sustains them; if they lack understanding, his wisdom directs their steps; if infirmities multiply upon them, his compassions the more abound; if afflictions overwhelm them, and they sink in deep waters, he lifts them up, and sends them on their way rejoicing; if darkness comes over them, and errors bewilder them, and hope well nigh fails them, his truth rises upon them like the sun upon the dark mountains, giving them day for night, certainty for doubt, and delight for sorrow. O yes! between them and every felt or threatened ill, he interposes the infinitude of his perfections. And then,

All his works are theirs. Let them survey the earth and the heavens, the land and the sea, and the unnumbered worlds scattered over immensity, with all they contain, whether seen or unseen, and without arrogance may they exclaim, "All this is ours!" Whether "Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or

the world, or life or death, or things present or things to come—all are yours," saith the Spirit of God. For them the world was made, for them it is still upheld, with all its tribes of animate and inanimate existences; and for them it will continue to stand with all its terrestrial and celestial garniture, till the last believer in Jesus rests in the bosom of Everlasting Love.

All his promises are theirs. And whether they relate to the preservation of the body or the purification of the spirit; to the occurrences of time, or the destinies of eternity, they rest on the foundations of eternal truth and holiness. To the last jot and tittle shall they be fulfilled. "Each one walking in his uprightness shall enter into peace," and "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of his Father." God will ever remember his "holy promise;" nor is his eternal existence more sure than the fact, that "all things shall work together for good to them that love him."

Nor is God ashamed to declare before earth and heaven his relation to them. Overlooking all the factitious distinctions established by men among themselves, and passing by the high orders of angelic being around him, he searches out the broken heart and contrite spirit, aspiring to a "better country." With such an one he refuses not communion, though an outcast from society, degraded and unpitied like Lazarus at the rich man's gate, or the woman washing the feet of Jesus with her tears. The world may scorn, but God respects him; the world may revile, but God comforts him; the world

may cast out his name as evil, but God writes his name in the book of life. He gives him meat to eat that the world knows not of; clothes him in white raiment that all earth's wealth cannot purchase; and leaves him the blest assurance that he will never forsake him.

You often hear from the Christian the language of self-condemnation. With Job, he exclaims, "Lord! I am vile; what shall I answer thee?" or with David, "My sin is ever before me;" or with Paul, "I am the chief of sinners;"—and, it is language that the children of this world as little understand as the boasting Pharisee understood the cry of the Publican. But God discerns and loves the humility whence it springs; smiles complacently, and crowns it with glory, honor, and immortality. And, when the humble, at the bar of final judgment shall disclaim the righteousness of their own works, and ask, "When saw we thee an hungered and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink, or a stranger and took thee in, or naked and clothed thee, or sick and in prison and came to thee," he will say to them, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me. Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

We are to look,

III. At the glorious prospects that open on the eye of faith in the future world. "He hath prepared for them a city."

Already have I referred you to the happiness of heaven, as an object of the Christian's delightful

contemplation. But, as an object to be hereafter fully realized, by all who desire the better country, it cannot be too constantly and distinctly kept in view. True it is, that after all our efforts, we can attain to no adequate conception of what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived." Still, "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities."

And here, the Spirit leads us to contemplate it under the figure of a city—a royal residence—strongly fortified, and magnificently built; full of loyal subjects and rich in treasures; the fountain of law and order overspreading the kingdom; the depository of the records of government, and the point of concentration, for the wisdom and intelligence of the boundless realm.

Heaven is the city of the great King; the God over all, blessed forever. It is the home of the angel and the archangel, the cherubim and the seraphim, and all the shining orders of the celestial court. There, too, are assembled, from every kindred and nation, the faithful followers of the Lamb, with palms of victory in their hands, shouting the high praises of their Redeemer. The patriarchs and prophets are there. The apostles and martyrs, and the thousands of thousands turned from dumb idols to the service of God by their instrumentality, are there. Christ, and the uncounted myriads redeemed by his blood in every generation, from Adam downward to his youngest son, are there; all enjoying an expansion of mind, a fervor of devotion, and a spirituality of converse, on the sublime discoveries

made to them of God, in his works of nature and of grace, of which the present world can furnish no example, and scarcely a foretaste. As there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, and as one star differeth from another star in glory, so will it be at the resurrection of the just: but no difference of capacity, rank, or station, will produce a discordant thought or unhappy emotion, for all will be filled with holiness and bliss, in the presence of Him who filleth all in all.

It is moreover a continuing city. Its walls are burnished gold. Its pavements are jasper, and sapphire, and sardonyx. Its foundation is the Rock of Ages. Its defence is the Everlasting Arm. It neither yields to the hand of violence nor to the wastes of time. The eternal throne is in the midst of it. The river of life flows through it. No night is there. Its sun is the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb is its glory. In a word, there are the treasures of the universe—the concentrated glories of wisdom, intelligence, power, and love, created and uncreated.

But, to appreciate the glory and blessedness of the heavenly city, infinitely transcends man's boasted powers. The strongest figures cannot represent it; the loftiest flights of imagination cannot reach it. All human effort fails in the attempt to sketch even its outlines.

Yet who must not love to contemplate it! To every self-denying Christian it is "the recompense of reward." It is the city where he shall rest from

toil, from conflict, and from fear; where he shall attain the perfection of character he longs for, and a communion with God, equally endearing and uninterrupted; whence he shall go abroad over the wide regions of the heavenly country, "in all the might of his untried faculties, and in all the glow of new and heaven-born energies, discovering and gathering fresh harvests of intelligence, satisfaction, and delight." It is the city of his home—sweet home—his Father's house, where all things are ready for his reception; where all the anxieties and distresses of the past are forgotten, and glory ever-increasing and never-ending, will encircle his brow, ravish his heart, and inspire the everlasting song.

REFLECTIONS.

1. The Christian has reason for perpetual cheerfulness. He is the son of a King, and the heir of his Father's inheritance. He has an elder Brother at the right hand of God, who hath been touched with the feeling of all his infirmities; who discerns the thoughts and intents of his heart; to whom angels, authorities, and powers are made subject; who saith to him, "my grace is sufficient for thee, my strength is made perfect in weakness;" who is made of God unto him wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption; and in whom it hath pleased the Father that all fullness should dwell. And then, the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made him free from the law of sin and death; he hath received the spirit of adoption, whereby he cries, Abba, Father; he hath the witness of the

Spirit of God with his own spirit, that he is the child of God; the love of God is shed abroad in his heart; he is relieved from the sentence of condemnation, and "is changed from glory to glory," "building himself up in the most holy faith," "praying with all prayer in the Holy Ghost." Great and precious promises are his; flowing from the lips of eternal truth, and carried out to their accomplishment by the arm of almighty power. If he be thirsty, water is poured upon him from on high; if he be in darkness, light arises to him out of obscurity; if he be naked, the robe of his Redeemer's righteousness is thrown about him; and if he be called to pass through the cold floods of Jordan, Jesus shall go with him, and laying his arm underneath him, shall say, "Fear not! I am thy strength and thy helper."

Why, then, should he not be always cheerful? Why carry his head bowed like the bulrush, or shake like the reed of the wilderness beneath the blast? No earthly affliction can harm him; not sickness, nor pain, nor disappointment, nor bereavement, nor poverty, nor death! Nor can infernal powers injure him. Though Apollyon meet him at his entrance into the straight gate, and shoot at him his arrows; or in the valley of humiliation, and wrestle to overthrow him; yet not all the hosts of hell can overcome him, nor wrest from him the heavenly inheritance.

Still he says, "I am a miserable sinner." What then? For whom did Jesus die, and for whom does he now intercede? Did he come to call the right-

eous? Does he bear the righteous on his arm before the throne? Who shall find mercy but he that confesseth and forsaketh his sins?

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose."

No where else has man to go, and hither no man cometh to be sent empty away. Let the spirit-stricken Christian then, weep as he will; let him abhor himself and repent in dust and ashes as often as he may, yet smiles shall honestly mingle with his tears, and joy in the Lord shall prevail over all his solicitudes and distresses; for immutable is the truth, that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

2. Salvation is all of grace. All who desire the "better country" readily admit this oft-repeated truth. But few only, and those who daily walk with God, feel its preciousness, and realize its value as they ought, in order to their comfort and usefulness.

If any are saved, and called with a holy calling, it is not according to their works, but according to His own purpose and grace, given them in Christ Jesus before the world began. If any are justified, and receive the forgiveness of sins, it is freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. If any are adopted as his children, and made accepted in the Beloved, it is according to the good pleasure of his will. If any are sanctified, and taught to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to

live soberly, and righteously, and godly in this present world, it is because God makes all grace to abound to them. Grace prepares the heavenly city, implants the desire to enter it, and keeps that desire alive amid the floods of earth's ungodliness and hell's temptations. Grace inspires faith, awakens penitence, infuses love, enkindles the hope that maketh not ashamed, and lights up the countenance with the radiance of joy in the Holy Ghost. Grace gives the victory over the heart's corruptions, refines the sensibilities of the soul, quickens and elevates the moral powers, opens the eye on the glories of the upper world, and furnishes the sweet antepast of endless communion with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ. All, all is of grace, from the foundation to the top-stone of the spiritual building.

3. The time that intervenes between the spiritual birth of the Christian and his entrance into heaven is short. None of it can innocently be wasted. Time wasted is time destroyed. And this

> "Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt."
> "Throw years away?
> Throw *empires* and be blameless. Moments seize;
> Heaven 's on their wing."

And, it is but a moment, ere the spirit in man that inhales the breath of heaven, and begins the song of praise to the great Redeemer, is dislodged from its tenement of clay, and borne upward to join the celestial chorus. Compared with endless duration, all time dwindles to a point. Even the antediluvian patriarchs had none to spare, from the service of Him who hath bruised the serpent's head; much

less have those "whose age to seventy years is set," and whose youthful days are passed in folly and in sin, aught to spare from the short remnant of life, for any meaner occupation than that of making their calling and election sure. Eternity is at the door. And ere we can rally our wandering affections, or collect our scattered thoughts, that door may be thrown open, and expose to our view the limitless expanse beyond. The Christian's redemption draweth near; and, a few inspirations more at the most, of the air that surrounds him, will finish his earthly career, with all its labors and sorrows; and the song of victory and glory will flow from his tongue in seraphic strains, forever and ever.

4. Precious are the consolations supplied to those bereaved of Christian friends.

Their loss is great. No other loss this side of eternity may be compared with it. The volume of their counsels is sealed up. Their prayers are ended. Their sympathies awake no more at our call. The smile that played on their lips has passed away, and the heart that ever beat in unison with ours, has ceased to beat. Gone they are, forever gone; and closed up forever, are all their earthly associations. Deep is the affliction of survivors. But is it an affliction to those that are removed? Oh, no! They desired a better country, even an heavenly; and to that better country God hath called them, and he hath prepared a city for them, all glorious within and without; where no enemy shall molest them, nor sin defile them, nor temptation meet them, nor disappointment await them, nor fear oppress

them. Thither have their prayers ascended before them; there was the concentration of their hopes, and there have they more than angelic fruition!

Shall tears flow for them, when they shall never more shed a tear? Shall bosoms here below swell with bitter emotion on their account, when their bosoms heave only with raptures indescribable? Let survivors weep, if they must, for themselves, but not for their departed Christian friends. They may well weep that they are "stricken of God, and smitten, and afflicted;" that they are still left to encounter the buffetings of the storm, the cold-heartedness of a world in revolt from God, and the rage of the roaring lion! But happy, thrice happy, they who already rest within the walls of the everlasting city; whose conflicts are all over; whose triumphs are celebrated by the hosts of heaven; whose eyes behold the King in his beauty; whose hearts beat responsive to the songs of the hundred forty and four thousand, and who wait with outstretched arms to embrace the Christian friends they have left behind them, as they successively wend their way from earth to heaven, and welcome them to the presence-chamber of God.

To us, beloved friends, this is a day of sadness. All things around utter the voice of mourning. The pulpit and the pew mourn; the village and the city mourn; and they do but obey the voice of God. His hand hath fallen heavily. Faithful and confiding woman he hath made a widow; affectionate children he hath made orphans; the fraternal bond

he hath broken; the church he hath bereaved of its pastor, and the congregation of its spiritual guide; from the ministry he hath removed a burning and a shining light; from the church at large, a pillar and an ornament; and from the world, a prayerful philanthropist.

But you will demand of me a brief sketch—and you can ask no more—of our brother's history, as appropriate to the solemnities of this occasion. And oh, that his own hand could draft it, with the truthful vigor and noonday perspicuity that ever marked the delineations of his ready pen.

The Rev. John Codman, D. D., was born in Boston, August 3, 1782. His father, a highly respected and successful merchant, with his accomplished wife, Mrs. Margaret Russell Codman, educated their children faithfully in the principles of scriptural morality, and strict regard to the institutions of revealed religion. Of his early youth, the prominent characteristics were, a marked buoyancy of spirits, gayety of manners, sociality of feeling, sprightliness of mind, facility of intellectual acquisition, frankness of disposition, and ardent attachments.

In 1802, he graduated with honor at Harvard University, in the same class with Allen, Lincoln, Saltonstall, and others, whose public and private worth have identified their names with the interests of their country and the world.

Leaving the classic grounds he had blithesomely trodden for four years, he turned to the study of Law,

as the profession of all others most congenial to his habits of thought and action. And had he carried out his original purpose, with the zeal and devotedness that characterized his prosecution of the duties of a more sacred office, he would doubtless have arisen to honorable distinction among his compeers, shining as a star of magnitude in some bright constellation of his country's worthies.

But, without disparagement to the profession of his first choice, it must be admitted that God intended him for a holier department of labor. To effect this, his honored father was laid upon the bed of death. A request preferred by him in those solemn circumstances, could not be unheeded by the affectionate son; and in accordance therewith, he laid aside immediately Coke and Blackstone, and took up Moses and the Apostles.

The dividing line between the Evangelical and Unitarian portions of the Christian community had not then been publicly recognized. All were Orthodox in profession, whatever diversities of speculation or feeling prevailed. His own views corresponding with those that had obtained ascendency at the University, he there commenced his studies for the ministry; but pursued them further with Dr. Ware, then at Hingham, and afterwards Professor of Theology at Cambridge. His mind at this period, however, was ill at ease. The death of his revered father had inflicted a wound upon his heart, which sovereign mercy only could heal. From that hour, he became in important respects a changed man; perhaps radically so, though clouds and darkness still in-

terrupted his spiritual vision. But while a student at Hingham, Cooper's "Four Sermons on Predestination," being put into his hands, with a request that he would prepare a review of them for publication in the Unitarian periodical of the day, he readily sat down to the task. He read, and re-read the book. Its perusal opened his eyes for the first time, on the beautiful consistency of the doctrines there defended, with the Scriptures of Truth, and on their excellency as revealing God on the throne of the universe, controlling at his pleasure the movements of rebellious man. The commendatory review he prepared, though brief and courteous, found its way to the public, not through the columns of the Anthology, but those of the Panoplist.

In July, 1805, he left the shores of his own country for Scotland; not so much with a view to improvement in general knowledge, as to the perfecting of his acquaintance with the great system of revealed truth, and attaining the best qualifications for preaching it successfully. His private journals during this period are replete with evidence, that the Spirit of God had taught him the plague of his heart as man cannot teach it; and awakened within him the spirit of fervent prayer, intense love to the Saviour, and earnest desires for the salvation of his fellow men. But of the precise time of his espousals to Christ, if he were conscious of it, and of the details of his earliest religious experience, he has left no other record than is inscribed on the pages of his subsequent history. It is enough to know, that he gave his heart without reserve to God, and conse-

crated all his powers to the ministry of reconciliation, with no expectancy of earthly reward, and with the deepest convictions of his unworthiness to be admitted into the vineyard as a laborer together with God.

After devoting a year to diligent study in the Theological School at Edinburgh, he received a license from an Association in England, with which Jay, and Winter, and other men of like spirit, were connected; and remained another year preaching the Gospel in the churches of that kingdom, and extending his acquaintance with the distinguished clergymen of that age, such as John Newton, Bogue, Bennett, Townsend, Burder, Hill, and others, whose names will be had in everlasting remembrance, on either side of the Atlantic, and in Heaven.

Warmly greeted on his return to his native land by all, and especially by the friends of Evangelical piety, and being heard with great delight in the pulpits of his brethren, he soon received a pressing invitation to the pastoral charge of this Second Church and Congregation in Dorchester, which had then been recently organized, with a view to the accommodation of the increasing population of the town. It was a door of usefulness which Providence clearly threw open before him, leaving it less a matter of doubt than of unavoidable anxiety, whether duty required him to enter it. His decision was formed with great deliberation and earnest prayer; and without equivocation or disguise, he announced his doctrinal views, and fixed purpose to declare the whole counsel of God, before accepting the

invitation. The communications that passed between him and the church and parish are before the world, and leave no occasion to add more, than that the whole proceeding was conducted with unwonted unanimity and harmony on both sides.

On the seventh of December, 1808, he was inducted into the pastoral office, under auspicious circumstances. But as the loveliest morn is oft succeeded by clouds and storms, a few months only elapsed after the solemn services of ordination, ere dissatisfaction arose, and soon assuming a bold front, challenged the pastor's right to control his own pulpit. It was not that the piety of the pastor had become questionable, nor that his talents had been misapprehended, nor that his social habits were repulsive, nor that he had neglected even the least of the duties of his office; but it was, that he disclaimed ministerial fellowship with men who "brought another doctrine" to the ears of the people than that which he believed to symbolize with the inculcations of Christ and the Apostles.

This is not the time to enter into the merits of a controversy so long and warmly maintained, and now so generally acknowledged to bear directly on the vitalities of Gospel ministration. But it is not inopportune to say, that it was conducted on the part of the youthful pastor with a moderation and Christian heroism rarely exhibited on the broad arena of ecclesiastical strife, even by men of riper years. It was the cause of heaven and of vital Christianity which he defended; it was to maintain the faith of the Puritan Fathers and their descend-

ants—the Warhams, the Mavericks, and Mathers—who had preceded him in this fair field, that he strove; it was to win souls to Christ and prepare them for the "heavenly city," to the exclusion of every personal consideration and private interest, that he hazarded reputation, endured reviling, and emulated in fortitude the martyr at the stake. It was no new principle for which he contended; God himself had announced it in the controversy between Cain and Abel; Paul and his brethren had distinctly proclaimed it; and, that light can have no "fellowship with darkness," and "Christ no communion with Belial," is a fact engraven on every undefiled heart. Unhappily this heaven-born principle had been supplanted in the days referred to, as often in earlier days, by a spurious catholicism, that allowed to bare profession the credit of truthfulness, and to errors claiming sincerity, the honor due only to God's testimony. But our dear brother felt himself called upon to reaffirm it in the position he held, and to unite himself with his fathers and brethren in the Evangelic ministry, in purging the temple of the Lord and honoring the pulpit, as ordained of heaven only for the occupancy of those who "preached Christ and him crucified." God heard his prayers, gave him large measures of wisdom and strength, and brought him off conqueror, and more than conqueror, from the conflict; nor can his name fail to be identified, in all future generations, with the struggle of the Evangelical churches of New England in the nineteenth century, to maintain their hallowed rights and their primitive faith, against

the usurpations of a false Liberalism, and covert Infidelity.*

Thenceforward, relieved from the distractions of a protracted controversy, his undivided energies were successfully devoted to the immediate spiritual interests of his people. Through the whole of his remaining days, his course exhibited a bright pattern of pastoral fidelity in the services of the pulpit, the lecture room, the prayer meeting, at the bedside of the sick and the dying, in the cottage of the poor, and the mansion of the opulent. The most humble and the most conspicuous offices of pastoral duty were discharged with equal alacrity and delight. For all of them was he ever prepared; from none of them did he ever shrink; and to each of them did he devote his best powers.

On the broader fields of ministerial labor, his calls were multiplied almost beyond a parallel. Few ecclesiastical councils have been convened, within a wide region around, either for the adjustment of difficulties in churches, or for the settlement or dismission of ministers, during his pastorate, of which he was not a chosen member, and commonly, the presiding officer. His uniform urbanity of manners,

* It is not intended to affirm that the Unitarians generally, of that day or of this, are chargeable with infidelity, either disguised or open. Far from it. Nor perhaps are they fully aware of the *tendencies* of their free speculations, even since the developments of the past three or four years, within the limits of their own denomination. But such was the state of things thirty years ago, that Professor Stuart, though neither a prophet nor a prophet's son, said with prophetic clearness, in his Letters to Dr. Channing, "The simple question between the parties here is soon to be, whether *natural* or *revealed* religion is our guide and hope." "The spirit of doubt and unbelief" then exhibited, was the same that has since given birth to "the latest form of infidelity."

the well known tenderness of his heart, his quick discernment of the right and the wrong, the promptness with which he accepted, and the facility with which he performed every duty assigned him, inspired universal confidence. Few men have so rarely erred in judgment, and fewer still have found their decisions so justly appreciated; while to none has been more freely accorded at all times the high praise of just and unprejudiced attention to the business before him.

His warm devotion to the prosperity of Zion, and his known liberality in the use of his ample means for extending her boundaries, brought him, of course, into close communion with the various benevolent associations of our age and country. What enterprise of benevolence has ever urged a just claim on the advocacy and pecuniary support of the church, that met not a cordial response from him? What association, of unquestionable character, enrols not his name among its benefactors, and its elected or honorary officers? And where is the man who has poured forth more freely and acceptably, the strains of eloquence, and faith, and prayer, in the annual convocations of those who labor for the world's conversion? His heart, his mind, his hand, his purse, were all open,—not to the daughters of the horse-leech, but to every call of God and humanity on the energies of the Christian world. Of his private charities, no account is kept in human records; for even his right hand knew not what his left hand did;—but that they were abundant and free, ten thousand witnesses on earth can testify, and the opened books of heaven will hereafter declare.

It is difficult to understand, how our dear brother found leisure and ability to meet the claims of the study and the pulpit, with all these demands on his time and resources; with the additional demands of literary and theological institutions on his supervision, and the numberless calls of family connections and personal friends, from all parts of this and other lands, and a widely extended correspondence of business and friendship, and the visits of strangers who had heard his fame, and wished, like the queen of Sheba, to learn whether the half had been told them. Without untiring activity, uncommon native resources, and holy reliance on God, it had been impossible. Yet he failed not, from week to week, to bring from his treasures things new and old; to preach instructively, "in season and out of season;" and to satisfy the wants of his own, and the expectations of other congregations. And the secret of this lay, not so much in the originality or depth, as in the transparency of his thoughts; nor so much in the extensiveness of his theological researches, as in the purity of his soul's breathings; nor so much in his power of rich and diversified illustration, or closely woven argument, as in the scriptural simplicity and pathos of his discourses, and the perfect adaptation of his style and manner to his well-chosen subject. It were as easy to combine in the same individual, the dispositions of Newton and Napoleon, or the mental developments of Fenelon and Calvin, as to combine in a single individual the acuteness of an Edwards, the learning of a Poole, and the ubiquity of the pastor, on whom Providence

devolves the care of all the churches, in addition to his personal and domestic duties. And rare is the combination, in any individual, of so much intellectual and moral worth, with a perfect adaptedness to all the ordinary duties of life and the ceaseless urgency of pastoral occupation, as was found in our departed friend and brother.

Thus did this distinguished servant of God fulfil the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus. Though from bodily indispositions he was not exempted more than his brethren, yet rarely did they interrupt his accustomed labors. Though the ordinary trials and perplexities of the sacred vocation strewed his path and taught him the lesson, sooner or later learned by all, that "vanity and vexation" are man's inalienable inheritance here; and though God had bountifully enriched him with the good things of life, and made him independent of the support honorably awarded to him by his people; and though sometimes grievously wounded by archers within and without the walls of Zion; and though years ago he might have relinquished his station with honor; yet so strong were the ties that bound him to his flock, and so passionately did he love the shepherd's toils, that no consideration of privilege or personal comfort could induce him to retire from his pulpit, resign his charge, and yield to the indulgences of ease and the gratifications of a literary taste. "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is yet day," was his practical language, to the end.

It was in June last that he received the first dis-

tinct premonition that his end was drawing near. He understood it. Of the day or the hour, he sought not to know. Whether weeks only, or months, and even years, were before him, he felt that duty required some temporary suspension of labor and active effort, to recover strength before he should go hence to be here no more. He kept his heart with fresh diligence, girded up the loins of his mind, and watched unto prayer. Not till late in the autumn did he wholly cease to speak for God in his House, and admit the conviction that other arrangements must be made for the supply of his pulpit during the winter; still hoping, in the spring, to resume his labors. But from the moment this conviction fastened on his mind, his outer man visibly decayed, his spirits drooped, and the occasional performance of the least burdensome public service produced entire exhaustion, and aggravated the symptoms of the unknown malady preying on his frame. Two weeks before he surrendered his spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, he appeared for the last time in the presence of his people, and with the aid of two beloved brethren,* leading the devotions of the occasion, administered the ordinance of the Supper to his sympathizing flock, in the spirit and with the anticipations of him, who, having "loved his own, loved them to the end." It was their last supper together, preparatory to drinking the new wine in the kingdom of the Father!

For days, and even weeks, as death approached,

* The Rev. Mr. Dyer, of the Village Church, Dorchester, and Mr. Means.

his sufferings were often intensely severe, and his powers of utterance well nigh failed; but his mind was calm, his faith strong, and his devotions abundant. When he could speak, at intervals of distress, it was in the language of the Holy One. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!" On one occasion, adverting to the public labors he loved so well, he said, "I have endeavored to preach in the demonstration of the Spirit"—and there paused. He soon added, "In my Father's house are many mansions." To his wife in tears, as she stood over his bed of agony, he earnestly said, "Let not your heart be troubled! You believe in God; believe in Christ." "I am willing to be in God's hands." Calm resignation, patient endurance, undoubting confidence in the covenant faithfulness of God, were the bright features of his closing earthly experience. His work was now done. He had suffered all the will of God. And at half past two o'clock, on Thursday morning last, falling asleep, as gently as the infant on its mother's breast, his deathless spirit mounted upward!

"His Maker kissed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest."

Dear Brother! ART THOU GONE! In language of his own, on the removal of an eminent minister of his acquaintance, more than forty years ago, I may exclaim, "O, God! how unsearchable are thy judgments, and thy ways past finding out! His blessed spirit has ascended to those heavenly man-

sions prepared for him by his blessed Saviour. It is our loss, but his unspeakable gain. He was a man of the most gentle and affectionate disposition, great zeal in the cause of Christ, and a most useful, excellent minister. Oh, may I never forget his kindness to me!" Dear brother, thy worth, thy kindness, to thy brethren, shall never be forgotten!

In conclusion, indulge me in a few words to the bereaved. I know not but you are ready to say, "Is there any sorrow like unto our sorrow!" Your wound is grievous. The hand of God hath touched you. But, you mourn not as those that have no hope. The wound is not incurable. The mighty hand that smites, sustains you.

Dear Sister,—permit the tender appellation,—you mourn to-day the cutting off the most devoted of husbands, and the most affectionate of friends. Long have you dwelt together, and interchanged the sweetest affections known to the human heart. In cares and labors, in pains and pleasures, in hopes and joys, you have been one. God hath now riven you asunder as by the lightning's stroke, and left you like the lone dove of the mountains, to mourn the loss of your beloved. What shall I say to you? the mind labors in vain, and the heart swells painfully, to gather up such consolations as are suited to the circumstances of one, whose only husband now is the mighty God. But why labor at all; why yield to the presence of conscious inability to meet

the demands of an overwhelmed spirit? Dear Sister,—you know the way to the throne of God; you have travelled it often; and rich experience has taught you the sweetness of casting your burdens on the Lord. And then, from every page of Inspiration, so familiar to your meditations, there breathes the spirit of Heaven's love; and the Saviour's words, so lately echoed on your ears by your dying husband's lips—"Let not your heart be troubled"—will be always in your remembrance, as the richest legacy heaven or earth could leave you. The same eye that has ever been upon you for good, is now more intently fixed on you than ever; and the same hand that has led you all your days, will lead you still; and the absence of your earthly husband's watchful solicitude will be more than supplied to you, by increasing tokens of your heavenly Lover's care. I know there is a void in your heart that the created universe cannot fill;—but the INFINITE can fill it; and you may still go on your way rejoicing, gathering a thousand sweets from the memory of the past, garnering up ever fresh delights from the anticipations of the future, and indulging the humble confidence that the blessings of many ready to perish are daily falling upon you. Dear Sister,—may the everlasting arms be underneath you!

To the bereaved CHILDREN, I need not say, "Behold your mother!" Your hearts, as well as the Saviour's lips, have said it before me. But your father—you will behold no more, till you meet him in other worlds. Your Head is taken from you to-

day! He, who of all men has prayed for you most fervently, and watched over you most solicitously, and provided for all your wants, from infancy upward, shall pray for you no more, and counsel you no more, and pour the light of his countenance on you no more. His expressive eye is shut, his voice is silent, his step is unheard, his bosom heaves no more with gladness at your coming in or going out to bless your fellow men. His love to you, oh how strong! his anxieties, how many! his wrestlings before the throne for your salvation, how frequent! Shall not his departed spirit know the firm resolve of each of you to serve your father's God, and meet him in that better country, whither he is gone, to await your arrival! Oh, that his death may prove to each of you the savor of life unto life, as it is believed his father's death proved to him.

Turning to the bereaved Brethren and Sisters, let me assure them, "Your brother shall live again." What sweeter consolation can you ask! what nobler utterance can heaven make! Was the heart of your brother yours? You know it well. And we all know, that a warmer heart never dwelt in a brother's bosom. His sympathies in your sorrows and your joys, were ever prompt and earnest. And not more sincerely did he desire the "better country" for his own abode than that there he might share your everlasting companionship. May the fallen mantle of his pure spirit be caught by your hands; and with it may you divide the waters of Jordan, and triumphantly pass over, and enter the heavenly city!

A word to this mourning Church and Congregation. The man of God who hath spoken to you the words of eternal life these thirty-nine years; who hath led your devotions in the sanctuary and the social circle; who hath gathered many of you around the table of the Lord, and oft broken to you the bread of heaven; who hath borne all of you on his arms before the throne; comforted you under your sorrows, counselled you in your perplexities, relieved your burdens, guided your little ones as a flock, and presenting them to God in baptism, poured the full blessing of a pastor's heart upon their heads; he who hath spared no expense of time or labor to supply your spiritual wants, and whose chief anxiety, till the last gasp of life, was to do you good—— lo! the knell is heard—that man of God is gone—never to return!——Behold, O Shepherd of Israel, this sorrowing flock! Leave them not! Comfort thou, comfort thou thy people! Guide them by thine eye! And lead them to that better country, where again they shall mingle hearts of love and songs of praise with the faithful pastor this day taken from them! Oh, forget not the instructions you have received from those lips, now motionless; nor the warnings and invitations he has so affectionately addressed to you, nor the spirit of meekness and love he so clearly exemplified in all his intercourse with you. To-day he says,

"Though dead, I preach; if e'er with ill success
Living, I strove the important truths to press;
Your precious, your immortal souls to save,
Hear me, at least, oh, hear me from the grave!"

"Follow him in faith, considering the end of his conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" be of one mind and of one judgment; and live in peace, and thus honor at once your Saviour, and Pastor,—and God, even his God, shall still bless you.

Beloved Brethren in the Ministry! We deplore not a common loss to-day! The breach upon our ranks is great like the sea,—and who can heal it! Low laid is the brother, whom we have long regarded as our head; to whom we have spontaneously accorded the reverence due to wisdom, and the love due to goodness;—whose fraternal spirit has always refreshed us;—whose discretion has often saved us from harm;—whose example has instructed us, and whose exhortations have pressed us on to duty. Most tenderly he loved his brethren in the holy calling. They had not a grief which he shared not when made known to him, nor a comfort in which he rejoiced not, nor a desire for usefulness which he encouraged not. But, he desired a better country, and God hath taken him thither.

> "Like blossomed tree, o'erturned by vernal storm,
> Lovely in death, the beauteous ruin lies."

Would we call him back? Oh no! He had fought a good fight; he had kept the faith; his work was done; his crown was ready; his Saviour's hand has put it on his head; he shall wear it forever! Now we are here, in the midst of our toils and fatigues; but soon, very soon, shall we be where he is, if

faithful to the death, and mingle our songs with his in the upper temple. This hope shall cheer us on our way, and stay the overflowings of our grief, when the sad thought enters like the iron to the soul,—"we shall see our dear brother's face no more."

May I inquire of this great assembly, wherefore are ye come together to-day? It is not, I trust, as idle spectators of these solemnities;—nor merely to catch a last glimpse of that loved countenance, whose beauty is faded, and whose light is shrouded in darkness;—but rather to catch the hallowed fire from that altar, on which our friend and brother has laid his body a sacrifice, and in the light of its sacred flame to trace your way through this darksome world to that "better country," where God has prepared a city for the home of every broken hearted and believing sinner. The grave is at your feet. The angel of death is behind you. Jesus is before you. Fall upon his bosom. Then your sleep shall be sweet, your resurrection glorious, and your eternity blessed!

APPENDIX.

THE following Documents will illustrate the remarks made on pages 24 and 25, of the foregoing Sermon.

Extract from "Rev. Mr. Codman's Communication previous to accepting his Call."

"To the Members of the Second Church of Christ in Dorchester:

"The Second Church and Society in Dorchester, before they gave me a call had but little opportunity to form an opinion of my theological sentiments, having heard me only two Sabbaths, and one lecture. On those occasions, however, I endeavored to be plain, explicit, and decided in the avowal of my religious opinions. Lest, however, there should be a *doubt* in the mind of any one upon this subject, I think it my duty in the presence of a heart-searching God, and of this church, to declare my firm, unshaken faith in those doctrines, that are sometimes called the doctrines of the Reformation, the doctrines of the Cross, the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. These doctrines, through the help of God, I intend to preach; in the faith of these doctrines I hope to live; and in the faith of these doctrines I hope to die.

"It gives me great pleasure to have it in my power to say, that I believe my faith is the same with that of our venerable forefathers; and particularly with that of the former pastors of the Church of Dorchester, Warham, Maverick, Mather, Burr, &c. &c.

"As *Arian* and *Socinian* errors have of late years crept into some of our Churches, I think it my duty to declare to that Church of Christ, of whom I may have the pastoral charge, that I believe *the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to be the one living and true God;* and, that my faith, in general, is conformable to the Assembly's Catechism, and to the Confession of Faith drawn up by the elders and messengers of the Congregational Churches in the year 1680, and recommended to the Churches by the General Court of Massachusetts.

"With regard to the discipline of the Church, I shall be guided by that excellent Platform of Church Discipline, drawn up at Cambridge, principally by the Rev. Richard Mather, formerly minister of Dorchester.

"I have thus discharged a duty, which I thought I owed to the Great Head of the Church, and to you his visible members.

"Before I conclude, allow me to ask a favor of the Church and Society which will much conduce to my future happiness. It is my desire to use Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns in our worship; of their merit as pious, poetical compositions no candid person can doubt, and it would be difficult to assign a sufficient reason why they should not

be sung in our Churches. The collection now used, contains many excellent hymns, particularly those of Mrs. Steele's, Dr. Doddridge's, &c. &c. But on many accounts it appears to me exceedingly defective. Unwarrantable liberties are taken in altering Dr. Watts's language. The doxologies of Dr. Watts, the ascriptions of praise to the glorious Trinity, are expressly left out, and the preface contains expressions in my humble opinion, derogatory to the glory due to the one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"Should the Church and Society think proper to grant this request, I will endeavor to select a few hymns from Mrs. Steele, and Dr. Doddridge, and others, as a supplement to Dr. Watts; should it be urged as an objection that the expense would be considerable to many families, who could not well afford it; I am willing to bear part of the expense myself, and will be ready to furnish any family, that cannot afford to purchase a new hymn book, with Watts's collection, and take their old ones in exchange.

"JOHN CODMAN."

Vote of the Church accepting the Communication.

"At a meeting of the second Church of Christ in Dorchester, held pursuant to usual notice, Monday, October the thirty-first, A. D. 1808.

"*Voted*, That we agree to the communication and request of Mr. John Codman, whom we have unanimously elected, and called to be our Pastor, and as all the members of the religious society to which we belong are interested, and we believe desirous of promoting his convenience and future happiness, we refer all further proceedings on this subject to them.

"True copy. Attest,

"STEPHEN BADLAM, *Clerk of the Church.*

"*Dorchester, Oct.* 31, 1808."

Vote of the Parish accepting the Communication.

"At a meeting of the Second Parish in Dorchester, on Monday, the 31st day of October, Anno Domini, 1808, continued by adjournment, from the 11th day of said month, Mr. Samuel Withington, moderator,

"*Voted*, That we agree to the communication and request of Mr. John Codman, our pastor elect, and if he accepts our call to be our Gospel minister, that General Stephen Badlam, Deacon Joseph Clap, Messrs. Benjamin Fuller, Samuel Withington, Reuben Blake, Thomas Tileston, and John Capen, Jr., be a committee to consult with him, and make such arrangements and alterations respecting the Psalms and Hymns to be used in future, and the Vestry, as shall best accommodate his wishes and convenience, and that of the members of the Parish in general.

"And that said Committee prepare and forward an answer to said communication.

"A true copy. Attest,

"THOMAS TILESTON, *Parish Clerk.*"